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No. 1.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

"THE Mystery of Edwin Drood" lies unfinished before us; it lies almost unopened by the public. Critics have refused to see its excellencies, and the hurried, bustling men and women of to-day will read no unfinished story. They have neither the time nor the inclination to try to fathom a half-revealed plot, to search after hidden beauties, or carefully to estimate either the intrinsic or potential value of a fragment.

It was Dickens' last handiwork, and he had determined to make it his best. The great novelist was in his prime, when death snatched the pen from his hand and left a half-written story upon his desk. Longfellow is one of the few who place this ripe product of Dickens' genius where it belongs. He says: "It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all." The manuscript and the proofs show the most careful elaboration. The matter

itself evinces great pains-taking, and in none of his novels are the characters so well chosen, or the scenes so carefully detailed. Every book he wrote was a mortal thrust at some giant evil of his day, and in *Edwin Drood* the very first chapter paints in lurid tints an opium-eaters's den, which forms the gloomy frame-work of several ghastly, vivid scenes, at which many a rich opium merchant in England must have started.

The scenes of the story must have been especially dear to our author. Rochester is immediately recognized in Cloisterham, and Rochester was his home. Mr. Crisparkle's walks are his walks. The old bridge was many a time his resting-place; and, as he leaned over its battlements, he, too, as well as Edwin Drood, thought he "heard words in the rising wind, in the angry sky, in the troubled waters, in the flickering lights," and in "the cathedral chime." Yes, the castle, the cathedral, the grave-yard, were all dearly loved by him. It was in the last that he wished to be buried. The lazy town, with its quiet streets and quaint houses, was *his* town. The whole novel, like "*David Copperfield*," though in a little less degree, must have been a work in which his affections and interest were especially engaged. Dickens has woven some of his own life into his book; and though this is true of all his works, yet some of the tenderest passages show themselves for the first time in *Edwin Drood*.

The scene which is the brightest gem of the fragment, is laid in Mr. Grewgious' chambers, in Staple Inn. A familiar locality to Dickens—for, when a young man, during his courting days, he had chambers in Turnival's Inn, just opposite. The latter half of the chapter, including Mr. Grewgious' "picture of a true lover's state of mind," with the blazing fire lighting up the "angular man," and his words making Edwin grow hot and cold by turns, is, to us, one of the most touching, and, withal, most beautiful pictures in all Dickens. It is so, because in that scene young Drood is, for the moment, Charles Dickens. Too

young to marry, he is inconsiderately about to claim as his bride a girl still younger than himself. The advice of Mr. Grewgious is just the counsel the author might have profited by in his earlier days.

The character of Grewgious, so admirably is it drawn, will well reward our study, especially if we wish to fathom the mystery of the plot. At first reading, he seems but one of that numerous class of secondary characters which Dickens so naturally weaves into his stories without destroying their unity. But the reader does not at first *know* the man, any more than those who met the real Grewgious (there certainly *was* a real Grewgious,) could, on first acquaintance, see all that was hidden away in his poor, disappointed, noble heart. Watch him. Could any father or elder brother be more tender or truer to his duty than he is in his relations to Rosa? Mark the scene in the parlor of the boarding-school. Picture—you *have* to picture, if you read—the *tête-à-tête* supper in the "P. J. T." apartments. Some have said that he is weak! That he is ruled by his clerk Bazzard, the would-be dramatist. Yes, perhaps he is ruled by his solemn, empty-headed clerk; but he is ruled as a father by his five-year old boy.

In the wretched sequel that appeared, under the name of "John Jasper's Secret," the mysterious Mr. Datchery is made to be the dull, old clerk in disguise. Space prevents the mere enumeration of the proofs, which show that Mr. Grewgious undertook the *rôle* himself. He held almost as many clues as the reader, and his acquaintance with "Princess Puffer" was to give him the rest. It was he alone who knew of the ring in Edwin's pocket; it was he alone who saw Jasper's horrible agony when the fact was suddenly revealed to him that his crime was for naught; it was he alone who, on that occasion, "heard a terrible shriek and saw no ghastly figure, sitting or standing—saw nothing save a heap of miry clothes upon the floor."

Mr. Grewgious is not only Mr. Datchery, but, to us, he is

a hero. To know him, we must study the book just as we would delight to study the man. Unobtrusive, seemingly secondary, he stands out as a tender, manly old bachelor. In one sense, he is the hero of the book; which doesn't mean that he was "to marry anybody," but that he is the noblest, most unselfish and altogether admirable character in the story.

Several of the other characters would well reward study. We confine ourselves to those who will throw some light upon the sequel. John Jasper is the villain, and is, perhaps, the only faulty character in the fragment, and the one that critics have most mercilessly attacked. A murderer is a monstrosity; and when a painter draws a monstrosity, it is easy to accuse him of being unnatural. In this case, our villain is also an opium-smoker—a nature doubly deformed. Dickens realized the difficulty of his task. We find from his biography and letters that he made frequent visits to the opium shops in London; that he sought out those who had seen and studied the effects of opium-smoking in China and India. It seems doubtful, however, whether Dickens ever knew a John Jasper. The same reasons that make it hard to delineate such a man, make it difficult to criticise the bold effort of the author who attempts to draw naturally the unnatural.

Jasper believed that he had murdered his nephew, but whether Edwin Drood *was* actually killed or not has been doubted. The sequel, which has been mentioned above, brings him to life, and thus adds a finishing touch to its complete ruination of the original plot. There is every internal evidence that Dickens never intended that Drood should appear again—every proof that he was actually dead. His re-appearance would mar the story. Rosa is in love with Tartar; Helena is made for and will marry Crisparkle; Edwin would be *de trop*. On the other hand, our author is most careful to excite in the minds of his reader but little interest in Jasper's victim. He is a common-place young

fellow. When you have said that, and added that he is somewhat selfish, you have said all. Many are saddened by his tragic death, but there is no mother, no lover, no one of near kin to mourn him. He who is his "nearest and dearest" relation is his murderer. Mr. Dickens left no place in the story for him, and the strength, the unity and the pathos of the plot would be gone the instant he re-appeared. We shall see, too, that the hints given of the chain of evidence which is to drag Jasper to prison plainly point to the actual decomposition of the body. The means chosen by the murderer to effect his purpose are hinted at in the mention made of Jasper's action as he enters the gate-house on the evening of the fatal stormy night. He pulls "off that great black silk scarf and hangs it in a loop upon his arm. For that brief moment his face is knotted and stern. And so he goes up the postern stair."

So perfectly is the plot wrought out that a careful study of the twenty-three chapters before us, just half the intended number, reveals in clear outlines the main features of the sequel. On the very first pages, hints are given which, combined with the significant warning mumbled to the victim on the fatal Christmas eve, prove that the old opium hag finds out by Jasper's mutterings enough to be an important, perhaps the chief, witness against him. The fourth chapter gives us clues which we can follow further. Jasper, at the invitation of Mr. Sapsea, "the most worshipful the mayor," listens to the epitaph which the mayor has composed, "not without some fever of the brow," for the tomb of his departed wife. The stone-cutter Durdles comes in to take the order for the execution of the work. Why a whole chapter about a tomb-stone with a highly-original but ridiculous epitaph? But wait. Towards the close of the conversation Durdles asks the mayor for the key to Mrs. Sapsea's tomb. Jasper asks to look at it. When Durdles produces his other keys, Jasper again manifests curiosity. He takes them; clinks them repeatedly; weighs

them in his hands; continues to clink them, even after Durdles has told him twice to be careful of the guards. On another occasion, as Jasper and the gritty stone-cutter pass a heap of quicklime near the departed Mrs. Sapsea's tomb, mention is made of its power to eat away the leather of one's shoes. "Yes," says Durdles, "quick enough to eat your bones."

The midnight wanderings of this strange pair down into the crypt and up into the tower could have been for no other purpose than to find a hiding-place for the body. During this "strange excursion," Durdles succumbs to the influence of drugged liquor from Jasper's bottle. He lies for an hour or more asleep, and dreams he hears the clinking of keys, and that "foot-steps die away into distance of time and space." When Durdles awakes, Jasper is at hand, and the two emerge together from the crypt. Jasper had intently gazed into the silent church-yard from the tower—had long before clinked the keys in Mr. Sapsea's office, and he knew that the key to Mrs. Sapsea's tomb was in Durdles' pocket. We must conclude, then, that on the evening in question he visited the tomb, and perhaps procured an impression of the key before he returned it to the unconscious sleeper.

But the most convincing passage is one that occurs earlier in the story, and in which Durdles, tapping with his hammer on the wall of the tomb, says: "Something betwixt us [Mrs. S.'s remains and the speaker]. Sure enough, some rubbish has been left in that same *six-foot* space by Durdles' men." A six-foot space, with a little rubbish in it, in the wall of Mrs. Sapsea's tomb, and known by Jasper! Add to this the fact that we are most accurately and repeatedly informed of all the jewelry on Edwin's person, and that the watch and stud, the only articles known to Jasper, were found in the river, where he must have thrown them after the murder, and we are close to a solution of the mystery. In his breast-pocket lay the ring, over which seemingly

prophetic words had been spoken on two occasions. First, when Mr. Grewgious hands it to him, and, looking at the sparkling jewels, the only mementoes of a disappointed love and of a tragic death, says: "If I had any imagination (which it is needless to say I have not), I might imagine that the lasting beauty of these stones seems almost cruel." Again, a second time, when Edwin, after much hesitation, decides not even to show the jewels to Rosa, we read: "Let them be. Let them lie unspoken of in his breast." However distinctly or indistinctly he entertained these thoughts, he arrived at the conclusion, let them be. Among the mighty store of wonderful chains that are forever forging, day and night, in the vast iron-works of time and circumstance, there was one chain forged in the moment of that small conclusion, riveted to the foundations of heaven and earth and gifted with invincible power to hold and drag." We conclude from these clues and others corroborating them, that Mr. Grewgious, *alias* Mr. Datchery, was to find a pile of quicklime, some dust and ashes, and that, sifting these, he was to discover the jeweled ring, whose lasting brilliancy would seem a second time to the "unimaginative" man "to be cruel!"

It but remains to picture the more joyous part of the sequel—the loves of Mr. Tartar and Rosa, of Mr. Crisparkle and Helena, and the future of Neville. Perhaps we have missed the best part of the sequel in the unwritten scenes where these happy young people were to figure. For surely no prettier or more natural little heroine ever flitted through the pages of any book than childish-womanly, merry-sober Rosa Bud. Nor is the reader less interested in Helena Laudless, who is such a marked contrast to Rosa. One longs to know just in what way she was to *aid* in delivering her brother from suspicion by fixing the guilt on Jasper.

Would that this fragment, in itself so true, so beautiful, and potentially so great—would that it were a completed masterpiece, that the "long roads of thought" so carefully prepared had been traversed, and that the "shining goals" had been reached.

Authors and Copyright.

THE profession of literature is undoubtedly one of the noblest which can claim the devotion of a man of talent. As compared with other professions, its importance is undeniable, yet we venture to assert, that few persons deliberately adopt it as their business in life. The reason for this is not hard to find. A man of real genius is apt to make his mark in whatever he gives his energies to; and as the highest rewards of literature, like the prizes in other fields of labor, are difficult to secure, he will doubtless turn to letters merely as a recreation, or perhaps be driven to authorship by the force of circumstances. And yet it is a business which has special incentives, requiring no capital, no technical education, and it can be taken up at any time. One of the foremost of modern English novelists affirms in this connection that "when an ability to read and write is presumed, and a man can command a table, a chair, a pen, paper and ink, he can commence his trade as a literary man, and in truth nothing more is wanted except those inner lights, as to which so many men live and die without having learned whether they possess them or not." Let us examine some of the influences which favor and discourage the production of a vigorous native literature.

When we consider the many and strong ties of language and tradition between England and the United States, the resemblance of their literature is not strange. Still there are perceptible differences, and the reason why these exist can best be accounted for by the fact that different influences are brought to bear on the literary workers of the two countries. A national literature is the congenial growth of a native soil. An able work, no matter on what subject, is apt to be tinged with the spirit of the government under which the writer was born and whose principles he cherishes, and thus the author often indirectly exerts an influence on the reader's mind favorable to his own system of govern-

ment. We now have a literature which, if not venerable, is at least thoroughly independent and national. We have no aristocracy to uphold, and no worn-out systems to subserve. Under our system, no such an example of literary inconstancy as Dryden exhibited could ever occur, and servility like his would fail, even if joined to talents of the highest order.

In considering the other side of this question, it is evident that the want of an international copyright law is one of the greatest obstacles to the developement of a high class of healthy, indigenous authors. Some maintain that the unfolding of genius never has been and never will be regulated by copyright laws or any such practical consideration, but it is well to remember that "all men of letters are not men of genius." Every year about five thousand books are published in the English language alone. Many of these are of the utmost value, and yet it would be unreasonable to suppose that the authors of these books were intellectual giants, in whom the fires of genius burned so luminously that the public yearned for their productions. No; it is not the Macaulays nor the Prescotts, the Brownings nor the Longfellow, who contribute in a noticeable degree to the yearly supply of books, but the less famous writers, who quietly work away and every year bring out so many valuable and delightful works. It is this latter class which the want of an international copyright law affects. It is obvious, that while publishers can steal the productions of foreign authors with impunity, they will not pay native authors for their work. The want of such a law has had the effect of driving many of our best writers into the service of the magazines and reviews. The editors of the best periodicals, as a rule, pay handsomely for articles, and seem still to entertain the opinion that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." The result of this is that we have a vigorous periodical literature, but it is questionable if the effect on general literature is beneficial, since magazine articles deal generally with questions of the hour, and

lack the dignity of more complete and philosophical works. It is a pleasing reflection, and one flattering to our national pride, that American publishers have made the most active efforts to bring about an international copyright law. We learn that the association of authors and publishers in London has approved the draught of such a law as proposed by the Americans, and it is now believed that an understanding will soon be reached between the two countries. The probable consummation of this treaty, we think, prophesies the best things for literature in England and America.

Emerson.

WHAT shall we say more? He is dead. We come
To gaze our last upon his restful face,
And speak in hushed tones our tearful words,
And lay our wreaths of roses at his feet.
Ah, me! how pitifully weak is speech,
And outward shows of woe. The heart ne'er speaks.
But hush! God knoweth best. He hath done well.

'Tis well to climb; 'tis more than well to help
Another up the steep. This praise is thine;
That thou hast been the strength of other souls
Thou hearest not, for in the glad surprise
Of life made new, the world has fled away,
And skies for thee rolled back have now revealed
The greater secrets of the world divine.

"Dr. Breen's Practice."

"IS IT a woman's rights book?" is our first query, when we learn that Dr. Breen is not the hero, but the heroine. The author makes no positive statement, but by a clear and faithful example writes a wholesome lesson to all would-be lady physicians. Mr. Howells has certainly made a successful

attempt, in the most recent style of modern novels. As the author is not a college graduate, we expect of him no classical tale like "Hypatia," or the "Last Days of Pompeii." As a son of Ohio and an ex-editor, we expect of him something popular and timely. The novel is of the character of William Black's latest production. Yet Mr. Black's Brighton story seems the result of an effort to be popular; "Dr. Breen's Practice" seems the work of an author who loves to characterize the people he meets. The book is thoroughly American. It is a picture of life at a watering-place, so like what we have all seen that it is like meeting intimate friends and recognizing at once all their whims and peculiarities. It cannot be less interesting to behold a graphic picture of life in our own times, than to conjure up the strange characters in exaggerated legends.

The novel is not weighed down with a superabundance of characters. There is scarcely any systematic portraiture, but, little by little, the acquaintanceship grows upon us till we have before us a distinct picture of the persons represented. The character of an independent country doctor is so well drawn that we admire the brave attempt of Dr. Mulbridge to take our heroine's heart by storm. If determined spirit always won a fair lady, the good doctor's glorious and useful future would surely have been realized. In the accurate description of the foibles of woman's nature, Mr. Howells excels. Pass the Summer at a little-frequented resort, and you will see how faithful in all its details is this picture of Jocelyn's. Dr. Breen's mother is the elderly lady who, with a very "vigilant conscience, uses it entirely in the exasperation or condemnation of others." She is confident in expressing opinions about others, which she thinks herself entitled to have by reason of her age and a life-work accomplished. Mrs. Maynard is the flighty invalid, coveting all manner of indulgence for herself, and granting none to others. Yet, when she feels a little better than usual, she is the gentlest and kindest creature in the world. The

typical Western man, with his broad views of progress, is George Maynard. He takes all things with an indifference which Mr. Howells styles "the optimistic fatalism of our orientalizing West." He desires all his friends to extend their own spheres of usefulness in developing the resources of the West. "New England might be used as a place of Summer resort." Dr. Breen "would find no rival in Cheyenne." Under no romantic, but rather adverse, circumstances, Walter Libby comes upon the scene, a practical, common-sense fellow, distinguished in character only as the perfect gentleman. Our heroine, after rejecting him, resolved to persevere in her profession, at last gives up the unequal struggle, stoops to conquer, and Dr. Breen, with willing surrender of her future, becomes Mrs. Libby.

It is in vain that we look for any exciting plot, any tragic episode, anything in the line of the wonderful. Mr. Howells' attraction seems to be in his reading of the thoughts and intents of the heart. It seems as if he would explain and stamp our motives better than we ourselves knew them. The conversation is oftentimes but the mere pleasantries of polite talk, yet with such a sharp insight into our hidden purposes does he add the characterizing clause, that it clothes the commonest phrases with new interest. Some of the most prominent events in the story may seem unimportant, but there is the finish of detail found only in the pictures of the true artist. We are treated to no long dissertations on human nature, but with terse characterizations, each following its own exemplification. If we are not seeking a course in history or philosophy, but would learn the foibles of our fellow creatures, rather to compassionate than despise them, it is well to practice a while with Dr. Breen.

English Ballads.

HISTORY throws little light on the origin of the English ballad. The ballads themselves, however, may indicate with some certainty the manner and circumstances of their composition. At least, a careful study of these must precede all conjecture as to their origin.

Percy first gave the old English ballad a place in our literature. Before his time, it was regarded as an intruder in literary circles. There is nothing in common between the ballads of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and other literary productions of that period. Apart from the literary world, a rude people were preparing a distinct and complete department in literature. This they left as a bequest, not to contemporaries, but to succeeding generations. There remains little to be added to this department. Prof. Childs is able to say that his collection contains all but two or three of the ancient ballads. Nor can we expect much more from oral tradition where civilization has made such strides. While every modern ballad must differ essentially from these spontaneous productions of nature.

It was necessary for Addison, in his time, to devote two articles in the *Spectator* to a proof that the ballad of "Chevy Chase" is poetry. Literary men have now admitted that these ballads have all the essential marks of a poem. However, they have, besides, interesting peculiarities of matter and style, which set them apart as a distinct order of poetry.

The matter of these ballads is in many respects identical with that of the German Volks-song. This points to a common source; and would not the adventures in the forest of Sherwood, and in the black forest of Germany be very much the same? The evidence that their songs had a common source would prove that all their actions were governed by the same tradition. This is not impossible; but it is hardly probable that this bold and independent

people, who could make a national hero of an outlaw, would be governed in their actions by such remote precedent. Many of these ballads have a historical basis. All, perhaps, have their origin in fact. They always have been implicitly believed by those who recited them; and however marvelous the deeds described, there is no attempt to explain inconsistencies, and no asseverations of the truth of a statement. These old lovers of ballads had no interest in fiction, and a doubt as to the genuineness of a story would have at once consigned it to oblivion. Deductions, then, need only be made for their credulity.

The moral code of the highlanders of England and lowlanders of Scotland, among whom ballad literature originated, must have been very flexible. So strong was their love of justice, that the whole decalogue must yield if it stood in the way of immediate and fair retribution. If it was right that a knight should have the lady he loved, it was right that he should steal her from her home. If the bishop and priests had an undue share of wealth, Robin Hood relieved them of this impediment to their holy profession, and distributed it among the poor. They made an outlaw of their hero, because they believed that the end justifies the means. These foresters often said, "There is no geste like a real geste." A great deal of pure wickedness is concealed by a pretense at humor; but their sense of the humorous was genuine and strong. When a hardy yeoman was moved by a spirit of adventure, he took his "staff of a trusty tree," and went forth to perpetrate a "practical joke" on some one, *i. e.*, to "beat his bones all to mesh," and "then come laughing away."

How perfectly these ballads introduce us to border life. Whoever the character introduced, he makes himself known by his actions. There is no need of words when deeds tell all; hence, we find no characterization, no artificial feeling, no rhetorical embellishments. There is a straightforwardness in the story which is never broken by halting or turn-

ing to render more clear by illustration, or to gather up beautiful images. There is no attempt to analyze the motives or emotions of the actors. In the "Battle of Otterbourne," when Douglas falls, he addresses his nephew :

"My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep.
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e ;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see."

After all, is not pathos most touchingly shown by action, leaving each to draw his own inference as to the emotions of the actor ?

Perhaps there is nothing in all literature so distinctly national as the old ballad. They are so peculiarly an outgrowth of the soil. While they are the production of many minds, they may be criticised as the works of a single author.

A striking peculiarity of ballad literature, which every reader must have noticed, is the constant recurrence of the same stanza in different ballads, and the identity of phraseology wherever there is identity of incident. The importance of this characteristic is sufficient excuse for ample illustration. In every love ballad, the minstrel found occasion for expressions like these :

"He is on to Annie's bower,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
And wha sae ready as Annie hersel'
To open and let him in."

If the ballad should prove tragical, and the lovers die, then, invariably—

"The tane was burned in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire ;

And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

"And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they would fain be neare;
And by this ye may ken right well,
They were twa lovers deare."

There was a tenderness in the love of the people who always ended their tragic ballads with this beautiful myth.

The best example of any effort in these ballads at description of natural scenery is found in the verses which introduce so many ballads of Robin Hood:

"In Somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leaves be large and longe,
Hit is full merry in feyre foreste,
To here the fouly's songe."

At such a time, Robin went forth to plunder. Whoever the victim whom he robbed might be—

"Robin then brought him throw the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray;
And have me commended to your wife at home,
And Robin went laughing away."

If the victim belonged to a holy order, then, in place of the last line above—

"He bade him for Robin Hood pray."

So when a letter is received, the first line always provokes a "loud laugh," but at the second "the saut tear blinds his e'e," and "the third line he read he could no longer see."

These oft-repeated verses do not tire the reader of old ballads. They are like familiar faces in a strange crowd. They indicate, perhaps, more than anything else, the nature of the origin and composition of ballad poetry. It is a never-ending song, which returns on itself again and again. When the minstrels came to the end of their song they sang on, improvising new verses, in the same spirit and versifica-

tion. There is no other rational way of accounting for the stanzas which recur in so many ballads. No one knows when the song began, but it continued for centuries to gather up the marvels of the green-wood till its note was silenced at the touch of civilization.

Friendship.

A SKETCH.

LET us follow that ragged little figure, splashing rapidly down the busy street, through the slush and mud. He is going pretty fast for us, but we'll catch him again by the time he gets through with his purchases in the brightly-lit bake-shop at the corner. He is fastidious to-night. It isn't often, poor little fellow, that he is hard to please in matters of food. But some kind gentleman dropped him a silver piece to-day, moved, perhaps, by the meagre face which hunger has pinched a great deal too hardly. It is a rich treat to watch, through the windows, the small, thin body—its clothing so tattered that it shows in not a few places the skin, quite blue from the Winter air—stretched eagerly forward and raised on the tip-toe of the naked feet, black with dirt as well as blue with cold; to mark him hesitating, choosing, and changing his mind again as some new dainty presents itself to his quick eye, until the plump baker's wife is out of all patience with him; and, ah! to see his grand, important air, when, at length, he pulls out the shining half-dollar as if he had a million more just like it, and order, "A couple of them sandwiches, and a pig's foot, and—an orange, too, ma'am; and put 'em up in a paper bag, please, ma'am."

Receiving his package and change, he darts out; bounds fleetly farther down the street; and suddenly turns into a very dark and very narrow alley, on either side of which

big wholesale houses tower, fronting on the street which our Tom has just left. At its end is a small court-yard, its whole extent a lake of mud; for, all day long, teams come in and teams go out, great drays draw in and drays draw out, bundle after bundle, and load after load. The boy peers cautiously in upon this yard, for the teamsters may still be about. Finding no one, he plunges through the dirt to a pile of boxes in the farthest corner, stoops and crawls in between the outer ones to a large box buried at the bottom. This is where Tom lives. He has crammed pieces of paper and cloth, and wisps of straw and hay, into the chinks and holes, and he has arranged the outside boxes and casks to protect, as much as possible, the rather open portals of his mansion; but for all that, on nights when bleak, gusty winds steal with stealthy malice into every corner, it is cold in there. At the end away from the entrance is a bed of leaves and rags and scraps of soft paper, upon which lies little Jim. For Tom has a room-mate, a crippled little companion, who is too feeble and ill to help himself.

Little Jim lifts himself up on his elbow as he hears Tom creeping in, and a smile of eager joy lights up his pale, pinched features. "Ah! Tom, I'm glad you're come at last. I hope it hasn't been a bad day, though. You stayed so late."

"Feel of that," says Tom, holding forth triumphantly, in the dark, his paper bag. "Feel of that, and see if I've had a bad day. But ain't you so well, little Jim?" he cried, as Jim drew a painful, forced breath. "Has the pain come back again? Where does it hurt you, Jim?"

The little fellow, turning uneasily on his wretched bed, raised his wan and shaking hand, took hold of Tom's and pressed it to his breast.

"It burns like fire in here, Tom," he said. "But I feel better, now," he added, as he perceived, by Tom's trembling hand, his rising sorrow.

Tom was quickly cheerful; and drawing forth the wondrous luxuries from the paper bag, put them, one by one, into the hands of the astonished little Jim.

"Where did you get all these?" he asked.

Tom bade him eat, and kept him silent by telling him about the gentleman who had been so kind.

"And don't you want any of it, Tom?"

'Twas well 'twas dark, or his face would have shown to little Jim how untrue was Tom's answer that he wasn't very hungry. For Tom *was* hungry, and as he sat there, with his hands clasped tightly round his knees, which were drawn up to his drooping chin, he listened attentively, ah! so attentively, to little Jim's eager munching. The only token of his hunger that the little fellow openly expressed was asking, when Jim had done:

"Is there anything left?"

But little Jim had eaten everything, and was now only craunching the clean-picked bone. Without a sigh, Tom began to talk of something else, and, except for one big tear, which would well out and trickle hotly down his homely cheek, no one, not even in the brightest daylight, could have guessed the pang his meek sacrifice brought him.

Little Jim could not see the tear, and he did not guess the pangs of Tom's hunger. He called Tom softly, and Tom came to his side, and he put his arms about Tom's neck and drew his cheek down to his own and held him there, and murmured again and again, "Good Tom! good Tom!"

Tom, at length, gently disengaged himself. Happy tears were in his eyes now. But he told little Jim to rest quietly, since this might make his head ache more, and the fire burn hotter in his breast. He himself lay down at the entrance to their home, despite the entreaties of his little friend to lie down by him on the warm leaves. But although the box was high, as Tom said, "It was too narrow for that."

The heavy clouds from which damp snow had fallen all

the day and made the streets so muddy, had passed away, and a moaning breeze began to glide down over the rooftops, across the dirty area of the court-yard and out by the narrow alley.

Neither of them slept. Tom was too cold and hungry, while little Jim was full of pain and fever. And so each lay there without a sound, that the other might sleep. But the air grew very cold—so cold, it numbed Tom's body, and he didn't feel the pangs of hunger any more, nor, in a little while, the pain of cold; and at length he fell asleep.

With little Jim, however, it was different. While the long and suffering-laden hours toiled slowly on, he tossed restlessly. He heard the horses in their warm stable stamping heavily on the oaken planks. He listened as some drunken men reeled past the alley-way toward their homes, singing wine-songs which grew fainter and fainter in the distance. The tower-bells rang the hour. And then a blast of icy air would creep past his sleeping companion, and, striking him, would make him shiver in agony. But no sound escaped his lips; he wouldn't waken Tom. He heard a dog prowling about the court for scraps, and breaking the thin ice as he stole here and there over the now frozen ruts; and once, when the wind subsided for a moment, heard him sniffing at the hole where Tom always crept in, and then he trotted sullenly away. Once more the church-bells tolled the hour, one tone sounding loud and clear, the next one faint and far away, as the changing gusts wafted them now towards him and now in the opposite direction.

Now the box was dark, for the clouds obscured the great round moon; and he couldn't see the form of Tom. Jim noticed, as the time wore wearily on, that the wagons rolling by at long intervals made each less noise than the preceding. Snow must be falling. Yes, for sometimes a fiercer blast would whirl a flake or two away in on his hot face, and, after winding in mean pleasure round his shaking frame, fly out with laughter. The boy was racked with pain, but

he did not cry out; he wouldn't waken Tom. And Tom slept through it all.

Jim always woke Tom before it was daylight, so that the teamsters might not see him crawling out. Tom had to be so guarded, for they often had to change their home, and it wouldn't do to move little Jim in his present condition. So Jim called, in his feeble voice, "Tom! Tom!"

He thought Tom answered, but it was a box that creaked before the wind; Tom slept on. Jim patiently waited awhile, and softly called again. "Tom's sleeping very soundly," he thought.

In that gray light he looked long towards Tom, and once more called somewhat sharply, "Tom!" And then, a dreadful thought loomed on his mind. He drew his breath hard, and lay back very quietly for a moment. Then he tried to creep toward Tom; but pain and the feebleness of his poor, deformed body overpowered him, and he fell back with a great sob. But after a time he tried again, and then again, until he did reach Tom's side.

Propping himself upon his hands, he gazed fixedly for a long time down on that silent face. There lay Tom, with his rimless hat brushed off, the loose tatters of his clothing fluttering beneath the breath of the wind, and he quite cold and rigid; asleep—to sleep forever. The snow had crept into his tangled hair, about his throat, high up around the body; like a shroud it was,—one extended arm and leg were covered by it.

With a piercing cry, little Jim threw himself upon the lifeless breast, and moaned, and called often, "Tom! good Tom! wake up!" And he brushed impatiently the snow from Tom's arm, and grasped the cold hand, and chafed it, and pressed it to his cheek to warm it. Then, as he heard the teamsters coming in to harness their horses, he clasped the neck, and held it convulsively, and forced the sobs back into his heavy heart. He was afraid that those men might come and take Tom from him.

But this unequal struggle with nature that weak, sick body cannot long maintain. Long exposure; the present intense cold; the cutting wind, which is blowing in the cruel snow; the fever, increased by his grief; the exertion of the feeble form in creeping there; above all, the agonizing despair, which looks so piteously from the big, bright eyes tell that. The weak lungs give way, and blood, life-blood, oozes frothily to his lips. With a slight groan, his head fell forward close to Tom's, and Jim lay there quietly for a long time; his life was ebbing away while the grey dawn grew to day.

And all day long the teams went out, and the teams came in; the great drays drew out, and the drays drew in, bundle after bundle, and load after load.

And all day long, and all night long, the strong wind grew in power, and tossed the falling flakes in every direction, sending many a one in there to the silent shapes in the dark box, and so it made a shroud for both.

The next day was too stormy for the teams and drays, and the workmen came to stow the boxes and casks into the cellar out of the snow. They grasped them roughly, and sent them sounding towards the cellar. But at last they came to Tom's big box, and as they found the snow-covered corpses there, they stood aghast; but when they brushed away the snow, and saw the little forms and faces, all those strong, rough, burly men wept like children.

Hawthorne's Subjective Characters.

IN attempting to make the simplest generalization respecting the characters delineated in that group of romances upon which the fame of Nathaniel Hawthorne chiefly rests, a wide classification is easily recognized. In each of these stories a clearly determined line may be drawn between

those personages who act, yielding to the dramatic fate, and a distinctive character, who seems to stand aloof from the necessities of the plot, possessing a conscious superiority over the others, distinct from them, and yet deeply interested in their affairs. In this one individual appear to be centered nearly all the thought, the foresight, and the reflective power of the romance. He possesses the pre-eminent intellect; the others charm us by the fierce play of their emotions. This idea grows upon one the longer it is entertained. But let us exercise a timely caution, and beware of going too far in the generalization. It would be going too far to claim for this hypothesis an application to any of the author's shorter tales. Equally absurd would it be to claim for it, without taking a careful survey of the field, the weight of a theory, even as affects his novels. Let us, therefore, by considering the positions filled, and the thoughts uttered, by the prominent characters of each novel, make the test in each case.

There is, in all the five great romances, including *Septimius Felton*, a marked similarity in regard to the number and arrangement of the principal actors. Seldom has a writer won such a distinguished name in a field so circumscribed. In none of his novels are there more than four or five prominent characters. If the *Marble Faun* be excepted, the scene of none of them is laid beyond the narrow boundaries of Massachusetts; and as everyone knows the central motive which keeps these darkly beautiful creations throbbing with a more than human life is the one theme—sin and conscience. Thus, since no care is bestowed upon variation in dialect, since local coloring is only laid on where it serves as a background, since Hawthorne, conscious of his higher power, has scorned to make unnecessary distinctions, the four strong personations bear a somewhat similar relation in each book. Investigation is therefore much simplified.

But to apply the individual test, and beginning with "*The Blithedale Romance*," it is speedily recognized that

the characters which bear a leading part in that startling, suggestive work are Coverdale and Priscilla, Zenobia and Hollingsworth. The last three, bound together by some invisible web of circumstance, go through the form of action like figures in a dream, moving airily in pleasure, suffering blindly, erring ignorantly. If Miles Coverdale had not been introduced to interpret to us the meaning of this tragedy, speculating on the results of the given causes so fervently at work, loving, interested, but not engaged in the struggle, the whole story would exist for us, merely as a cruel mockery, a fantastic problem, not to be solved, teaching no lesson, and presenting no incentive to a higher life. Not that Hawthorne wrote to impress a moral. Nothing could have been farther from his intention. But he was naturally a moral teacher. In his writings, therefore, we expect to discover a great repository of practical wisdom. In Coverdale this wisdom finds expression. He is the medium; through him the truths developed by the course of the plot are revealed to the reader. Through him the complicated relations of the argument are unraveled. In fact, he is negative and passive, serving chiefly as an interpreter of the active characters.

In "The House of the Seven Gables," there are really five principal actors: Judge Pyncheon, Clifford, Hepsibah, Phoebe and Holgrave. Who is the subjective person here? Manifestly not Cousin Jaffrey, the grinding, exacting old judge, for he is too much of a brute to have the office of the man of meditation. Just as certainly, it is neither of that timid pair of ancient owls, Clifford and his noble sister. Phoebe, on the other hand, is too young and bird-like to give utterance to the forecasts of the observer. To Holgrave, then, belongs the place of analyzing the Judge's motives, and of tracing the history of the feud between the families of Maule and Pyncheon. He brings the active force, the practical energy of modern times, into that dim mansion, echoing with the ghostly tread of its ancestral

owners, and still holding in its dark interior the destiny of their descendants. We feel, upon passing from the stiff, mouldy apartments of Hepsibah into the young daguerreotypist's attic, as if emerging from death into life. This contrast, always caused by the presence of Holgrave, is one of the masterly touches in "The House of the Seven Gables." In this book, the subjective character is a far more lovable and active one than in "The Blithedale Romance," but in his purely subjective mood, he is no less an element of power. When Phoebe asks him why he prefers to live in the old house if he hates it so, hear his reply:

"Oh! I am pursuing my studies here; not in books, however. The house, in my view, is expressive of that odious and abominable past, with all its bad influences, against which I have just been declaiming."

His theory, plucked from the life-history of those dwelling there, is that sin and wrong perpetuate themselves in families, and that justice and the righting of injury are inevitable. The results of this law he watches, not anxiously, but confidently.

A cursory reading of "The Marble Faun" suffices to point out the sculptor Kenyon as the only personage possessing the necessary qualifications of a subjective character. He is imbued with such a vast amount of human sympathy, and has so many points of contact with others, that he makes an admirable repository of secrets. He is splendidly constituted for a lover or a father-confessor—knowing when to be quiet and receptive, and when to advance his cause most opportunely. While studying the human frame for the purpose of reproducing it in marble, he is deeply versed in the anatomy of the mind. A psychologist of the first order is Kenyon, and he employs his knowledge from a true interest in the welfare of his companions. What in another would have seemed idle and presumptuous curiosity, becomes with his treatment and with his generous motives the kindest, gravest, and most profound analysis.

In following out this delineation in "The Scarlet Letter," a difficulty presents itself. The avenging Chillingworth is by no means a mere spectator of the woes of others. He is rather the fiendish medium of an inevitable punishment. His motives, while they do not receive our approbation, are, nevertheless, the outcome of search into human hearts. Living in seclusion, hiding his purpose and his face, he prosecutes the analysis, foreseeing results with unerring scrutiny and following his victims to the end. His character is the only unpleasant one of those which have been considered, but in all points except motives the resemblance holds good. The acids in his laboratory are stronger, but have the same chemical properties as those of the other workers.

The theory does not stand the test so well when applied to "Septimius Felton." Being, however, merely an unfinished outline, we may presume that its characters would have attained a much higher development had the author lived to finish it. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that no character, except, perhaps, the young officer whose blood baptizes the story in its infancy, seems fully and roundly characterized, the germ of the subjective idea is there, and a glow of self-consciousness is perceptible in Sibyl Dacy. In her we have the unfinished portrait of a woman well fitted to be the sister of Roger Chillingworth. For Septimius she fills the same false but glittering cup of revengeful poison which Chillingworth mixed for the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale.

After a close examination of each romance, we find, then, that in each there is such a suggestive and subjective character, as has been outlined above. A forcible impression is left upon our minds of the genius of an author who has so successfully tried the dangerous experiment of relegating to one character a large part of the original motive thought of a novel, especially in works which depend so much upon intellectual sentiment and the beautiful solution of psychological problems. But here a new phase of the subject

presents itself. In works of fiction, if one particular character is made the mouthpiece of many opinions—if this character, in fact, controls the intellectual part of the novel—as a rule, it may be taken for granted that, more than in any other, the author voices himself in this person. And these characters are, in a sense, the exponents of the author; they represent views of his inner life, and are the clearest mediums between his mind and that of the reader. Such, indeed, is the relation believed to exist between Prospero and Shakespeare. Hence, if these persons really stand in this relation to Hawthorne himself, they may in a new sense be called subjective.

Voices.

THE third term has come again—the shortest, and, in many respects, the happiest term of the year. In spite of all the sentiment which has been lavished on Spring, there is the same charm about the season—

“Whan that Aprille, with his showres swoote,
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,”

—as when Chaucer made his famous Canterbury pilgrimage. Never does Princeton wear a fairer appearance than during the Spring and early Summer. The great campus elms silently take on their green robes, and invite us to linger in their cool shade, instead of hurrying to our rooms. Certainly it is not the working term. It is the term of real College life; the term when we feel our College love beat strongest. The games come, with all their excitement; and, be it victory or defeat, every hard-fought contest, leaves us truer Princeton men; and, had base ball no other

merits, this one of increasing College feeling would be enough to give it a high place in College life. Then how we enjoy the long Summer evenings on the Campus, chatting with pleasant companions, or singing old College airs. Now the Seniors gather on the steps of old North, to sing their last songs, before the short Senior vacation; and sometimes the Glee Club gives us a treat in an hour of song on the back campus. Thus the short term quickly passes, and Commencement soon comes, when the long Summer vacation begins, and another year is finished.

IT IS safe to say that there is no course in our curriculum which, relatively to its possibilities, is so unattractive as English literature. And yet no part of the blame for this can be imputed to the Professor. He has ever shown the utmost willingness to improve the time at his command. In one hour a week, nothing like a fair idea of English literature can be gained; hence, in the past, the lectures have been confined almost exclusively to the poets. Swift and Addison find a place in the course, but all the other ornaments of our prose literature have been passed over. The early novelists, De Foe, Johnson, and Lamb, and writers prominent alike for prose and verse, as Goldsmith, Scott, and Landor, with the neglected dramatists of the restoration, would afford a most interesting field for lectures. In view of all this, it seems very desirable that an elective should be offered in this branch. That it would be profitable is scarcely to be doubted, and that it would be popular is quite certain.

If it should seem undesirable to give an elective, we might be offered an alternative course, for at least a part of the year; the alternative being lectures on our prose writers. The probability that such a course would be more attractive than the present, is very strong.

More than this we can not expect, at present, however desirable it may appear that this century's stores, of every kind, should be opened up to us. This is plainly hopeless; but that there should be an advance, and a radical one, we claim. The hours devoted to English are far too few. Surely it is of as much value as astronomy, and yet three times as much attention is paid to astronomy in Senior year. Many other branches, of far less value to the average student, are given more time, and greater facilities are offered, in every way, for their prosecution.

“**WHERE** is your poet?” is a question that can not be answered with much credit to this ancient seat of learning. Proud, as we may well be, of the Princeton men who have distinguished themselves in science, in the professions, and in politics, we must yet acknowledge the humiliating fact that Nassau does not number among her sons a poet of any considerable reputation. We have a Madison, a Burr, and a Brewster; but the Longfellows and the Bryants all belong to other Colleges.

Now, we do not call attention to this subject in the hope of inducing any present under-graduate to dedicate his life to the task of supplying the deficiency; but we have a point to make, and it is this: that every man who possesses any poetical talent, ought to cultivate it. We need more food for the fancy here in College. We want to see poetry flourish, and grow more prominent on Chapel stage. We want to see College literature more enlivened with sprightly bits of verse. And when the contest for the poetical honors of Class-day comes, we shall have a competition which will ensure a performance both enjoyable and meritorious.

MR. EDITOR: As one interested in boating, I wish to write a few words upon a too prevalent opinion about the crew; and as the last Gossip partly represents this pessimistic view, I hope I may be pardoned if I take those remarks somewhat for my text. It is hardly fair to speak of men who have trained so faithfully, and under so many disadvantages, in such despairing terms. Doubtless, as has been frequently said, boating is upheld more by the zeal of a few than by the support of the multitude; but, since it *is* upheld, and since a hard-working crew will represent Princeton next June, ought they to be discouraged? If some students can not feel any great enthusiasm over boating, the last thing they ought to do is to try to quench the enthusiasm of others. If Princeton makes a complete failure this year, which is not probable, I for one (and there are many others of the same mind,) am in favor of giving up boating. But the crew should have a fair chance, and not be made the subject of a jest at the hands of the College press. Besides, what would these persons have us do? We have the cup now, and to give it up without a struggle, when we have a crew apparently so able to keep it, is nothing but cowardice. Go and see the crew practice once in a while, and lend them your encouragement. If you can not do this, refrain from saying anything disparaging, at least.

THAT the average student appropriates outside authorities in composing orations, is a fact obvious to any one of ordinary reading. There are those who tell us that this will always be the case, when the average collegian is called on to produce a speech approximating a certain standard of excellence; and they say, further, that now-a-days it is well-nigh impossible to produce anything effective without adopting, to a certain extent, the thoughts or words of others. At present, it is not convenient to discuss the merits or

demerits of this position, but it is certain that the remedy for this evil, if we may call it such, would be difficult to find.

The improvement in Chapel stage speeches has been noted before in these pages; and in such able hands, a still greater advance may be looked for in this department. In these exercises, strength and ease of delivery are most important. Entire originality, while desirable, is not imperative. Thus, that famous oration on the French Revolution, beginning, "It was on the memorable fifteenth of July," etc., is always effective when well rendered. Likewise, the one in which the turbulent career of Mirabeau is recounted in glowing periods. Truly, a good thing does not lose by the telling.

There is one place, however, where plagiarism should not be tolerated: that is, in the competitive exercises in the Halls. There, every one is supposed to stand on his own merits; and when one "cribs" his speech from some eloquent oration, and another evolves one from his own brain, the disadvantage under which the honest contestant labors is generally enough to prevent all chances of success on his part. We cannot get around the fact that plagiarism does prevail in these contests. It is not always successful, owing, perhaps, to the incongruity between the lofty ideas expressed and the known abilities of the speaker. And then, again, when material from different sources is gathered together, and utilized, failure sometimes results from the unevenness of the discourse. The bouquet of eloquence may contain flowers, perfect in their form and fragrance, but the string that binds them together is flimsy and obtrusive. A higher public sentiment is the only thing which will bring about reform in this matter. Let us do our share towards this result; at any rate, let us be careful lest we permit ourselves to be imposed upon.

FEW things in literature are more likely to be under-estimated than the influence of a popular poet on the life and thought of a nation. The greatest geniuses have not always wrought the deepest effects. The poet who sings songs, the power and beauty of which the lowliest can feel, will have the most readers, and, as poetry can never be stripped of its power, will exert the deepest influence on his age. From such considerations one is led to appreciate the influence Longfellow has had in moulding the literary and intellectual character of his times. The thoughts and feelings of his poetry are such as come to the surface of society in all ages. He is distinctively the poet of common life, and in this lies much of his popularity. He strikes chords to which all hearts vibrate. Youth, with its high hopes and bright dreams, reads here the story of its "long, long thoughts," while old age learns that

"As the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

And thus has he touched all the chords of common life, and his pages are filled with "songs of sadness and of mirth," which all can feel. The influence of such a poet seems beyond measure. Some one has said that we must look to Shakespeare to find a poet who has furnished more familiar quotations. He seems to have crystalized into verse truths which all men knew and felt, but none could express so well. From this fact, we think Longfellow has exerted a deeper influence on the masses than Tennyson, who is his superior, and to whom Longfellow, addressing, gives the

"Homage of the mastery which is thine."

Such poems as "The Psalm of Life," and "Excelsior," may not be of the highest poetic standard, as the *London Spectator* affirms, but they embody life-truths, which have thus impressed themselves upon the memories of thousands. In

his quietness will also be found much of his power and popularity. The nineteenth century is full of life and action. What it most needs is rest, without idleness; and such it has found in Longfellow. He has beautifully expressed this idea when, speaking of the humbler poets, he says :

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care ;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

It is in this banishing "Life's endless toil and endeavor," and filling the soul with such tenderness and pathos as is found in Evangeline, that Longfellow's greatest power lies.

Editorials.

THE old board has retired, and it falls upon the new editors to write their salutatory. We realize the responsibility of our position in assuming the mantle that has fallen from '82's shoulders, and it is only by devoting our best energies to the work that we can hope to maintain the high standard they have given us. We contemplate no radical changes in the management of the LIT., but will confine ourselves to the broad channels already marked out for us by the thirty-seven volumes which have gone before; and we will be satisfied if we can carry nearer to perfection the present features of the magazine.

We have, however, made a few minor changes which, we think, will further the interests of the LIT. An alteration has been made in the prize essays, as described on another

page. The contributor's prize is a new departure, which, we think, will meet a felt want. We have also decided to follow out the suggestion of '81's board, and issue a September *LIT.*, thus handing over the *LIT.* to '84's board with the April number, instead of the May number. The Junior Class takes charge of the *Yale Lit.* in April, and we think the plan has many advantages for us. It will give editors who are trying for the fellowships and final prizes the time they so much need; and it will also give '84's board control before the warm third term has come. We therefore urge on '84 the shortened time for competition, as an incentive to early work.

A GREAT want of Princeton, we think, is a College history which shall be concise and interesting. The two ponderous volumes of Ex-President McLean, though valuable repositories of facts, do not meet this want. The volumes, though done up in the best style of the printer, have no charm for the average student, and we doubt whether there are a dozen men in College who have read half-way through them. Indeed, there is too much that flavors of a faculty view of Princeton, and too little that smacks of real College life. There are many things about College which form as important a part of Princeton culture as even our studies; things which find no place in the faculty minutes, and which Dr. McLean has passed over with scarcely a word. In this respect "The Princeton Book" is much better, for it has some valuable and interesting articles on such subjects as College journalism, athletics, customs, etc., but with these there is also much that is useless; and, besides, the book is too unwieldy, and is away beyond the price which most students want to pay. It is certainly not to our credit that we spend four years in a College with such a history as Princeton has, and yet know almost nothing of our surroundings. What we need is a compact vol-

ume, which shall take up the various phases of Princeton life, and give a graphic account of the inheritance which we now enjoy. That such a work would meet with success, and command a large sale among the alumni and students, we can not doubt.

THE Prize-Essay System works well for the LIT. True, some think a LIT. prize a very common honor, and shrewdly reserve their talents for a more extraordinary reward. To such logic as this, we have no reply. We simply remark that our Olla-Pod. man will be on hand to make a note of their achievements in any more congenial sphere.

In order to get the best possible return for our money, we have concluded to offer a "Contributor's Prize" of twenty-five dollars, in place of one of the essay prizes. The competition for it will be subject to the following conditions: No contributor will be eligible to the prize unless he shall have had published at least three literary articles, with the choice of substituting, if he like, three voices instead of one of them. The award shall be made by the board at the end of the year, and shall be given to the *best* contributor, both quantity and quality being taken into account. The competition shall be open to all undergraduates except the members of the LIT. board.

It is plain that the winner of this prize must work. But it is equally plain that he will carry off one of the most creditable honors that can be won by proficiency in English during a college course. Let every man who sees his name among the "conductors of the LIT.," on our outside page, and especially let every aspiring writer of '84, make his support of our magazine come up to the requirements of this competition. We shall offer the other LIT. prizes under the same conditions that our predecessors observed. We hope all of them will be earned, and earned with credit both to the writer and to the literary standard of our College.

HOW far the LIT. should record and discuss athletic news is a question which every board has to answer for itself, as has been done in the past. '82's board took a decided stand against the LIT.'s being degraded into an athletic journal, and we are inclined to their position; but we think an extreme in this line is possible. We cannot but believe that the Olla-Pod. has a higher purpose than to publish jokes. It should furnish a record of College life which is not a mere skeleton, without living flesh and blood; and we shall, therefore, give more than the runs of the principal games, so that every student can find in his LIT. a record of the events of his College course. In this we have no intention of infringing on the *Princetonian* as the College athletic journal. We do not propose to give more than a passing note of the numerous professional games, which form no real part of College life. But that such a game as the last Yale game should receive only the notice of "7 to 6" seems to us too brief, considering that it was one of the College events which we shall longest remember.

But the LIT. has a different sphere. It is the College *literary* journal, and aims to be the exponent of the literary abilities of Princeton. If it has not reached its ideal in this respect during the last year, it is not the fault of the editors. We fear it is too often overlooked that the LIT. belongs, not to the editors, but to the *students*; and, as a late College paper has said, it is not only the privilege, but the *duty* of every undergraduate who can, to contribute to the College papers. If a hundred men, instead of a score, should, during the next year, contribute something to the LIT., who can doubt that our magazine would approach nearer perfection than ever before? And then about the character of the articles,—we want something readable. A good sketch or story will always be welcome, and articles on *College subjects* will be especially acceptable. Indeed, a vigorous discussion of any of the numerous phases of College life and College institutions would find readers. But,

above all, write something original. Originality is the great source of good, readable articles, and too many contributors have forgotten it in the past. Jot down some experience or idea of your own, and work it into a sketch or story, and you will be surprised how you will be benefited and pleased. We venture to say that there will be no work in your College course to which you will look back with greater pleasure than the work spent on an article for the *LIT.* The editors will do what they can to make the *LIT.* an ideal College magazine, but the support of the College must ever be the test of its excellence.

NOTHING at present is exciting more thought and discussion among those interested in higher culture, than the elective and the grading systems. Several able articles in the *Nation* and other papers have attracted wide attention, and, taken with the case of the Williams valedictorian, have served to give expression to the discontent of a large number of the students with the grading system. There is a prevalent opinion among the faculty and authorities, we fear, that this opposition is on the part of those who stand low in their classes, and arises from no real cause. Nothing, we believe, could be wider of the truth. The case of Mr. Gunn is a conspicuous example, and we have yet to find one among the higher standing men in College who are satisfied with the present grading system, and would not be glad to have it radically modified. The system, we believe, to be a great source of evil and false manhood. Among students it is regarded as in great measure accidental; and there are professors whose grades command no respect, but rather create disgust. Then, where is the temptation to dishonesty and cramming greater than in this artificial system of creating commencement phenomena?

But it is not upon these features that we would dwell, though they are not to be lightly passed over, but upon the principle of the system and its effects on true culture. Does any one, for the moment, suppose that standing first in one's class is any *necessary* mark of real superiority to the rest of the class? Is there not something ridiculous in the system which makes one man "first" and another "second" upon such differences as tenths, and even hundredths, and upon averages made by finite beings? We were much amused, not long since, in looking over the honor rolls of a half century ago, and, to our surprise, some very prominent scholars of to-day stood neither first nor second either. The cases of great men who stood first in their classes are misleading. They did not become great because they stood first, and to argue from their case to that of the average College student, involves a fallacy. It would be well for all to ask the question, "Who in my class is getting the most good out of his College course?" and we believe it will often be found to be some quiet student who does honest work, reading a great deal, and laying a broad foundation, not neglecting his studies, but never striving to be accounted among the brilliant ones by cramming the little technical points, in which too many examination papers abound. We would like to see the trustees or faculty appoint a committee to investigate thoroughly the question of requiring a higher passing standard, and abolishing the grading system. Such a committee could certainly do no harm, and might be potent in advancing the interests of Princeton.

Olla-Podrida.

"This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn."—*Spectator*.

ποιούμενα

MARCH 29th.—New Lit. Board elected.....Fire at Amherst College in Walker Hall. Latest estimate of damage is \$150,000.

MARCH 30th.—B. B. team chosen "subject to change."

MARCH 31st.—First day of Winter sports in the Gym.

APRIL 1st.—Closing day of Winter sports in the GymAuspicious opening of the B. B. season. Princeton vs. Alaskas. Score—Princeton, 13; Alaskas, 11.

APRIL 7th.—Foot ball; meeting of a committee from British Ass. with College delegates to consult about having a uniformity in rules. Harvard and Yale were represented. Delegates from Princeton, Peace and Harlan.

APRIL 10th.—Unsuccessful attempt on part of Freshman to burn Euclid. No "Fresh fire around cannon."

APRIL 11th.—Second term closed.

S. S. Teacher:—"What kind of boys go to Heaven, Johnny?"
Johnny:—"Dead ones."

APRIL 12th.—Retiring Lit. Board's supper in New York at Martini's. Toasts, &c.....Glee Club concert in Washington.

APRIL 13th.—Base ball. University vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia. Score—Princeton, 8; Philadelphia, 7.....Meeting of Intercollegiate Cricket Association. Riddle, of Harvard, elected Pres.; Scott, U. of Pa., Vice-Pres.; Morgan, of Columbia, Treas. and Sec. Princeton withdrew. It was decided that no club got the championship last year.

Prof. in Psychology.—Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space? Mus. Student.—Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus.—*Mus. World*.

APRIL 13th.—Glee Club concert in York, Pa. A reception was given the club at Mrs. Hersh's.

There once was a dapper young feller
Who borrowed a two-wheeled propeller,
He mounted and started to tread her,
With a smile as gay as a lark,
Stopped short, and then took a header,
And now he's not seen in the park.

APRIL 14th.—Glee Club concert in Washington, D. C.

APRIL 15th.—Base ball. Princeton *vs.* Mets., at Polo Grounds. Score—Princeton, 5; Mets., 13.

'Twas Sally at the bat,
The pitcher looking gay;
Then Sally smote a hot line ball,
And pitcher got out o' the way.

APRIL 17th.—Base ball. Princeton *vs.* Mets., at Polo grounds. Score—Princeton, 9; Mets., 18. Whew!

Our ode to Spring:

Moaning, melting, mellowing Spring,
Changing, chapping, chaffing thing,
Flooding, fooling, flowering Spring,
Dusty, dirty, darned dull thing.

N. B.—We go fully armed and prepared for assassins.

APRIL 19th.—Third term commenced. "On the home-stretch."

Prof. in Logic.—"If I should cut the hardness, smoothness, redness, roundness and cedar-ness off this pencil, what would be left?" Soph.—"A gone-ness."—*Ec.*

APRIL 25th.—Foot ball game to try working of the proposed new foot ball rules—only six men allowed in the rush, and the half-backs' to be ten yards back when the ball is "heeled back."

Peel's play of "David and Bathsheba" is known in the Eng. Lit. room as his *mashed-her-piece*.

APRIL 26th.—Base ball. Atlantics *vs.* University. Score—Atlantics, 16; University, 7. Poor game, as the day was cold and unfit for base ball. The feature of the game was the hard hitting of Ernst by the visitors.

Prof. B., to student, talking of refracting bodies:—"They all do it." Then, sorrowfully: "Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry." Query—Why?

The crew is invited to take part in a regatta for colleges at Lake George.

Prof. in Physics:—"Did you ever see gravitation?" "No, sir." "Ever smell it?" "No, sir." "Hear it?" "No, sir." "Feel it?" "Yes, sir." Prof. (astonished): "When, sir?" "When I fell out of an apple tree, sir." "Well, how did it feel?" "Very attractive, sir." (Prof. subsides.)

APRIL 27th.—Glee Club concert at Newark.....Lacrosse meeting to elect delegates to the Nat. Ass. meeting. Hodge and Riggs elected. A team is going to be made up of men from different teams now in the field to compose a National Team to visit Canada, England and Germany. Hodge and Riggs were to represent Princeton, but as Riggs will not go, probably Hall will take his place.

Beside the College walk I stand,
And dogs go up and dogs go down,
And some are white and some are black
And some are dirty brown.
But all are sad and sober now,
For "Ducky" says each dog's a brute;
"And why be here—be college bred,
If all must be in such repute!"

APRIL 29th.—Base ball. Princeton vs. Rutgers. A large number came from New Brunswick to see the game and cheer their nine. The nine made few errors until the sixth and seventh innings. Rafferty did best batting, making four hits out of five times at the bat.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
PRINCETON.....	2	0	3	0	0	5	3	1	0	—14
RUTGERS.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	—5

Foot ball meeting of Inter-Coll. Ass., to agree upon rules. Peace and Harlan, '83, and Winton, '84, delegates. The amendments adopted make touch-in-goals count as touch-downs for safety; prohibit use of "sticky or greasy substances;" give the ball to the opposite side if, in four runs, five yards are not made or ten yards lost. Free kicks may (under circumstances) score goals, and waving hat or hands before opponent does not make an interference. It is believed that these rules will prevent a block game.

'82, Please take note: "A diploma is like the curl in a pig's tail—ornamental but not useful."—*Ex.*

APRIL 29th.—Inter-Coll. championship lacrosse match between Harvard and N. Y. U. Tie game; no goals made.

A lady who suffered from phthisis,
When asked by her lover for kthisis,
Said: "I've such a cough,
You had better go ough
And be courting some healthier mhthisis."—*Ex.*

MAY 1st.—Locke Richardson recital. Selections from Eng. poets.

MAY 2d.—Base ball. University vs. Philadelphias. Score—Princeton, 5; Philadelphia, 9.

MAY 3d.—Second game of championship lacrosse series between N. Y. U. and Columbia. Score—3 goals to 0 in favor of N. Y. U.

Harvard base ball team, it is said, has changed its uniform, now wearing crimson shirts with a large letter H. upon them.

"Mr. X., can you tell me why the days are longer in Summer and shorter in Winter?" "Yes, sir; it's because heat expands and cold contracts."—*Ex.*

MAY 4th.—Base ball. Lafayette vs. University. Score—Princeton, 10; Lafayette, 7. Features of the game were—the lucky bunching of base hits by our men, the plucky catching of Burroughs behind the bat, and the errors of our men in the first inning. The visitors played a very good game, though somewhat deficient in batting.

Recital of "Othello" by Richardson in Examination Hall.

'36.—Alexander. Died in town recently.

'56.—Dayton. Appointed minister to Holland.

'68.—Huston Humphries died in Philadelphia.

'72.—N. Woolsey Wells. Installed assistant pastor of a large church in Brooklyn, E. D., to assist his father, Rev. J. D. Wells, D.D.

'77.—Jacobus home from Germany.

'77.—Potter left for Japan, to represent the Brush Electric Light Company.

'79.—Martin goes to Siam (not Syria) as missionary.

'79.—McNair goes as home missionary.

'79.—Chambers admitted to Monmouth county, N. J., bar.

'81.—Kirk, Coyle and Duffield seen at the first game with the Mets.

Hillhouse, '81, and Crew, '82, took a walk to the marl-beds during the Spring vacation. Wonder if Crew found a fossil horse?

'81.—Armstrong has gone to Europe.

'82.—Day is not going in for Ex. Sc. Fellowship.

Shaw, '82, and Smythe, '84, spent Spring vacation at Barnegat, shooting.

'83.—J. Russell and Edwards, joint competitors for prize for best translation of motto on the Lit. cover. (This is strictly private.)

Prof. Halsted is out again, and is going to Europe this Summer.

It is reported that Tutor Marquand will not retain his position here next year.

The committee of the board of trustees has made arrangements for the opening of the new Marquand Chapel on Sabbath, June 19th. In the forenoon there will be a solemn consecration of the chapel by prayer by Dr. Murray, and immediately after, the Baccalaureate sermon by the President. The Rev. Mr. Terry (son-in-law of Mr. Marquand, the donor of the chapel, minister of one of the largest Reformed Churches in New York), has been requested to preach in the evening. Others will take part in the service. The choir is preparing to render appropriate music. Some persons have been talking of having a brief communion service at three or four in the afternoon, but no arrangements have been made for this.

A conference, called by the President, was held in the trustees' room in the library, May 4th, as to the establishment of a school of the Fine Arts. There were present Dr. W. C. Prime, General McClellan, Judge Green, Dr. Guyot and other friends of the College. It was unanimously agreed to take steps to carry this into execution. Dr. Prime and General McClellan were appointed the first directors, and appointed to draw out and submit to the board of trustees a plan of the school.

It was with deep sorrow that we learned of the death of Mr. Beattie of class of '83. He had been with us less than three weeks before, and though we knew he was ill, the news of his death was a great shock. He was a genial companion, and a bright student, standing on the honor-roll of his class; and after knowing him for three years as a kind, unassuming, but talented classmate, we had formed a friendship which we can never forget. Below we give the resolutions of his class and society:

CLIO HALL, April 21st, 1882.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His good Providence, has removed from our number WILLIAM C. BEATTIE,

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the death of a fellow-member who, by his genial nature and warm heart, his high talents and great zeal in the performance of every duty, and in the advancement of the interests of our society, had won our esteem and love.

Resolved, That we, the Clisosophic Society, do hereby express our sorrow in his loss, and extend to his family our deepest sympathy in their grief; and

Resolved, That Hall be draped for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and printed in the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and the *Princetonian*.

In behalf of the society,

ALBERT P. CARMAN,
GEORGE EDWARDS,
JAMES C. RUSSELL.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, April 3d, 1882.

WHEREAS, It is our Heavenly Father's will to discipline our hearts in the removal of our loved classmate, William C. Beattie;

AND WHEREAS, We feel that in him we have lost one who, by his life and activity among us, has ever exerted a deep and abiding influence for Christ, and wishing to express our heartfelt grief at the loss of one whom we had learned to love and esteem as a warm friend and a faithful and talented scholar; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Class of '83, extend to his afflicted family our sympathy in this our common sorrow;

Resolved, That as a token of our sorrow, we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days

Resolved, That the Class be represented at the funeral services by two of its members; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and also be inserted in the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, *The Princetonian*, *The Orange County Press* and *The Middletown Mercury*.

In behalf of the Class,

CHAS. DUNNING,
HENRY M. LANDIS,
T. ROSS PADEN,
FRED. N. RUTAN.

Committee.

College Gossip.

AFTER such a tender and truly touching farewell paid by the last Gossip to all the College press, we presume they are too much absorbed in tears to take any notice of our advent. We will, therefore, do away with all formalities, and first gently console the Vassar Miss. Besides this, we plainly see that it is not in a gossip to make the right sort of a bow. We shan't try more than just a nod.

Most gossips are old and stiff, and wear side-curls. Nothing is loose about them except their tongues, and perhaps—their morals. Even their tongues should be rather sharp and disagreeable than otherwise, to keep time to all the rest of their bodily pointedness. That ain't the sort of creation we intend to be. Suppose we were. How could we flirt with Vassar Miss., or take interest in athletics? No. That is the ordinary gossip of the world in general. That is the sort of gossip

to appreciate that briny, trans-continental wit and humor which emanates in such large quantities from the *Berkeleyan*. That is the sort of gossip to crony with the funny Oberlin *Review*, and to taffy up the Niagara *Index*; to get off vile puns and chat with female editors of co-ed. papers;—and to admire under-graduate poetry.

In the first place, we wish to be as peaceful as possible. Our cry will not be continually, "Bl-lud! bl-lud!" In fact there is a very great doubt whether any such article exists in the callous veins of the journals fostered under the placid influences of the *Pacific*.

In quick succession our neway friends come upon us. We give them all a shake—briny, fresh or stolid, and at our hospitable table we assign them each a place; but none below the salt, for what could be more salty than the *Berkeleyan*? On our right sits Vassar Miss. (of course; why not?)—the queen of female journals. In her presence we cannot forget our gallantry (like the Harvard *Herald* does), so we turn from base-ball and all athletics to regale in passing our higher natures with a short flirtation. She is a dainty lass, and we are more and more convinced that that intoxicating chewing-gum, imputed to her by the *Herald*, has never, never formed a part of her diet. She is a little mad now at this very same *Herald*. One might think she would pass that obnoxious daily by, with simply a haughty look and a threatening frown beneath her bangs. But no. Not she. She actually obliterates, like a cloud—like a thick cloud—that vampire (!!) sheet forever from her favor, and brands it deeply (nay, we might say almost too deeply,) with the opprobrium of a traitor to society. Go down, O, *Herald*! Sit not near her at our festive board. Go down! yea, nearer unto the saltiness of that strained joker, *Berkeleyan*. However, like all women, she shows off well in this state. It but shows one more of her many good qualities—an ability to sit on the men. This thing of woman's having too sweet a disposition is all wrong—all a farce. They musn't have it. For what, indeed, should College education be meant for, but to cultivate a strong-minded independence of the sterner sex, fitting them thereby first to attain, and then with equanimity to bear, a state of celibacy and tea-drinking. Vassar Miss, you have done right. It is a good beginning.

And, by the way, some fellow down at Philadelphia has raised the dander of a bevy of College-bred Misses. It seems that this poor fellow was looking for a helpmeet, and found nought but "Chinese dolls and parlor ornaments." Hard luck! He must have been from U. of P. Certainly not a Princeton fellow. Well, this fellow wrote to the *Times*, telling his misfortune (?) and giving "the girl of the period" old Cain. What was the result? Why, that paper was nearly swamped with female letters, as everybody might know, and "5," as he signed himself, was completely crushed, (maybe

mashed, too). One female, raising her voice in hot rage, exclaims, in true Phillipic style, "I consider myself a fair specimen of the average American girl, and feel indignant that we should be classed with parlor ornaments and Chinese dolls." She then recounts in graphic words her accomplishments: "I have had a College education" (wonder if it was at Vassar?), "and a frightful smattering of French; can claw the piano, and daub plaques." Well, wonders! what can't she do? She can even broil beef and make dresses; but, to put a climax, the highest ambition of this marvelous being is to become mistress of some noble fellow's heart. Look out for Xanthippes in these College Misses.

Volumes could scarcely tell what's going on at Harvard. Deaths of great graduates, drama, base-ball, boating, bicycling, lacrosse, canoeing and Sophomore dinners are the topics under discussion. For the loss of distinguished graduates, Harvard is not the only one that grieves, "for the world has lost one of its greatest men in Ralph Waldo Emerson." Nevertheless, she feels more keenly than any one else the death of that good man who lived so near them, and whom they must have admired and revered through a long life of genius.

The Harvard *Herald* gives us an extract from the *Brunonian*, which it terms "a very excellent statement of prospects in base-ball." To us it seems more like a weather report than anything else we can think of at present. It tell us, as every one knows, that there will likely be a sharp contest between Harvard, Yale and Princeton. It tells us that Brown is thriving, and leaves us to infer that, since Brown belongs to the association, there's a possibility for her. It winds up by saying that the remaining two nines, Dartmouth and Amherst, give no indications at all. The prediction is bound to hit somewhere; therefore it is excellent in farsightedness. We wish we were as sure to win as the *Brunonian* is safe in making that most remarkable statement, "Exciting and close games may be expected." Yale confidence has taken a brace. Those curious articles of a few weeks ago, of which you could read a page and find out nothing, either favorable or unfavorable, have given away to articles of the true Yale stamp—that means, showing an unbounded confidence to do everything. But some one has been growling at the Yale pitcher, and aroused the indignation of old Yale. Who could be so foolish? Why, the very idea of a Yale pitcher throwing overhand! Well, it would seem ridiculous if the umpire in N. Y. had not noticed it. But it is very evident that that umpire didn't know anything about base-ball, or he would have known that Yale is always right, and never, *never* wrong. But the crimson colors are not to be disregarded. Harvard has a nine which may make even Yale "look bluer than her colors," and while our nine is making no boasts, look out, for Princeton will do her best.

Boating is booming. Yale and Harvard, after some difficulty, have agreed on the days for their races, and each is working hard for victory. Down at Philadelphia, the Pennsylvanians are actively engaged in practicing for the Childs' race, and the *University Magazine* says: "According to the latest advices, there seems to be no doubt but that Columbia will send a crew on the Childs' race." The U. of P. will also send crew to the Newark and Lake George regattas. Bowdoin and Wesleyan will also enter the Lake George regatta. Nothing is said about prospects. Let our crew keep at work, and who knows what may come out of "Nazareth?" Certainly Princeton boating is not yet dead.

The Sixth Division will no doubt be proud to hear that the revolutionary spirit, which it displayed so nobly, has at last risen to a full realization of its hopes at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels. Paddy O'Broien and Mike Mulroon displayed themselves in the "togger" without interruption, on an oratorical occasion, and that, too, to the great delight of the "Reverend Fathers." The *Index* says: "Roses, sunflowers and lilies bedecked the platform arranged for the performers, and everything was arranged *a la Wilde*. At the appointed time the whole class, some thirty-one in number, marched in upon the stage in double file, beating time with music from the piano. Each one was dressed in knee-breeches, and each bore upon his breast the invincible rose. The procession was lead by Mr. Doherty, who wore an enormous sunflower as a button-hole bouquet." A poem, "To the Sunflower," and other æsthetic treats, were then served up, and the *Index* concludes that "the class, as a body, have manifested much energy in improving themselves in the cultivation of English." Wonder if our professors cannot rise to such views? Wouldn't Chapel Stage be interesting?

Exchanges.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.

THE final bow of the incoming board is to be made, and the first number will be given to the college world. And while bowing to this august body, we will introduce ourselves with the sentiment proposed to the "Incoming Board" of the *Record*:

"March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell."

The latter part of this line, we want it distinctly understood, belongs to the Ex. man—the managing Eds. claim the first part, as it sounds

sort of lofty and echoes editorial dignity. Our *Exchanges* we greet with a welcome, and with them desire "common success for us all." We wish to live at peace with all of them—neither to injure the feelings of the *Student* with uncanny allusions, nor treat our Western friend, the *Chronicle*, to a severe dose of sarcastic arrow-points. We will take warning from the fate of the ex-'Change editor, and attempt to control our feelings when we read the *Vassar Miscellany* and *Lasell Leaves*. We will attempt, on the one hand, to avoid undue flattery, and, on the other, to refrain from "slinging ink" at our contemporaries, but will endeavor to give "honor to whom honor" is due, and also fair criticisms in the friendly and jolly spirit which should characterize the exchange columns of a college paper.

As we glance over the number of exchanges coming from the numerous Western colleges and universities, *The Northwestern*, with its neat exterior, looks attractive and newswy. The editorials are up to the standard of a live college journal. In the literary department, the article on the "Use and Abuse of College Fraternities" is well written, but it has altogether too much self-assurance in its tone, and some of its assertions are too sweeping and general to gain assent. We can congratulate the paper, however, on its improved appearance, and gladly make the acquaintance of one of the best of our Western friends.

Sprightly dialogues and witty stories seem popular with most college journals, and the *Virginia University Magazine*, scorning to be behind its more stirring contemporaries, heads its last number with a soulfully mournful dialogue on "Should He be Sent to College?" Of course he should, my dear *Virginia*! Allow me, then, to counsel you not to perplex your brain over such distracting questions, unless, indeed, you think such a discussion will be of practical value to you in the capacity of *paterfamilias*. The next article is "A Mistake," six pages long. We failed to see the *mistake* in the above article, but our conscience is sorely troubled lest the editors had something to do with it. The essay on "Individual Character" contains real merit, and the thought, although old, is presented in a pleasing and readable form. The whole tone of the magazine could be improved by discarding worn-out and lifeless subjects, and taking up topics of live and wide-awake interest, and discussing them in a manner more agreeable and entertaining to college readers.

The Advocate comes to hand in its usual fine trim, and it is greeted with pleasure as it makes its appearance on all the exchange tables. The lines entitled "The Farewell" are neat and well turned, keeping up the former record of the paper in this department. The editorial columns are well written, and the number of subjects discussed is to be commented on, as the articles are short and to the point. The "Sopho-

more" came in for a liberal share of mention in the supper, poem, and ode dedicated to that class. "Oft in the Stilly Night" gives a rather graphic and funny account of the trials of one of the editorial board with the man who "vill have joostice" about the "dreissig-bier" slander on the *Echo*. It is rather astonishing to read "Mine Enemy's Dog" and "A Robbery in Latin Alley," in connection with the fact that a Harvard man generally describes an event as though happening in the upper region of Bostonian atmosphere, and as being "really charming."

In this day of æsthetes there are two ways to become notorious—either to belong to an art school or write poetry. *The Courant* has attempted both, or rather a combination of the two, in "An Art School Idyl" (in clay), dedicated to Mollie Bawn, *alias Sancta Simplicitas*, of Yale Art School fame, in the last exhibition of the Academy. The lines dedicated to the tender creature are as follows:

"She can paint to a T,
And design, draw, and model;
And, between you and me,
She can paint to a T.
How I would like to coddle
Her figure so wee!
She can paint to a T,
And design, draw, and model."

College papers have wonders as great as Jumbo, and the *Acta Columbiana* has not a whit less wonderful character in the person of T. Carlyle Smith. He is on the war-path again. "Them *Athenæum* fellers" have to suffer this time from his irresistible and terrible onslaught. Now that "Ephriam" is gone, he slings his quill with unabated vigor. The *Acta* in its warmth in defending the ancient traditions of Columbia, and in endeavoring to silence the advocates of co-education, is ungallant when it says that "the presence of women at college destroys all that is historic in college life." Come now, you must be gallant and generous in your treatment of the fair sex. You will have to acknowledge your shortsightedness, should the powers that be, decide to open the portals of Columbia to women, and you would doubtless bow most lowly to the first daring "co-ed." that would plant her tiny foot on your threshold, even if "all that is historic in college life" is destroyed by the act.

"Vic. Hugo" gives us some French salad or hash on "La Quatrieme Brummaire." If the object of "Vic." is to improve the French of Columbia, of which his own production may be taken as a fair sample, we applaud his worthy ambition, but have some fears of his success.

We are glad to see *The Argo* on the table before us, and its clear type and neat appearance bespeak for its editors a word of praise.

The *Lasell Leaves* hope some day to emulate its pleasing dress, and we sincerely trust that their highest hopes and ambitions in this direction may be realized.

The "Sailor Song" is a fine, jingling rhyme, in three stanzas. The "Exchange" department contains some sensible advice and practical hints of value to the papers noticed. Notwithstanding the Ex. Ed. "makes humble obeisance, and tremblingly takes up the pen where 'Ephriam' let it fall," yet he acquits himself with a good grace in his arduous position. This number gives a bright outlook for the coming volume.

We quote the following lines from the Yale *Lit.*, as they may echo the sentiments of some of those who take an evening stroll

"IN LOVER'S LANE."

TRIOLET.

"How the moon's stealthy beams
Kiss thy cheeks soft and rosy,
As I've oft done in dreams!
How I envy those beams,
And despair, till it seems
That I'm really dull and prosy.
How the moon's stealthy beams
Kiss thy cheeks soft and rosy!"

* * * * *

"Ah, well, 'twas not right
That the moon do the kissing!
And I grieved at the sight.
Yes, perhaps 'twas not right,
But the bliss of this night
Without it were missing.
Oh, well, 'twas not right
That the moon do the kissing!"